

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1836.

NUMBER 24

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLET.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

Darkness had long cast its shadows on the
frowning towers of the castle of Erlhurst. The
warder was pacing his solitary round, amidst
the howling of a biting blast, as a small body of
men-at-arms, headed by a squire, sallied from the
castle gates, and took their stand in a thick
forest, adjoining the strong-hold. A fire was
kindled, and the merry lancesmen, gathering
around it, began each in his turn to tell some
marvellous adventure—rehearses some story of
the holy land—or tale of a pretty waiting maid
and gallant servant-at-arms.

"Well," said Karl Schwartzlans, resting his
long halbert against his shoulder, and turning
his broad and muscular palms over the blaze of
a cheering fire—"well, I wonder me, why our
kings hath sent us, such a fiend's night as this,
to watch outside the castle walls, when there's
that good fought fellow, Wilhelm Straks-
neeth, snugly housed behind the battlements,
like a young cygnus in his mew! George, the
night is a long and a raw one—tell us some of
thy stories to while it away!"

"By thy good lance, but I will," said George.
"I shall tell you how the devil twisted the necks
of seven monks' shoulders, in the convent of
Koenigs-gluten. There was once; a long,
long time ago, in the monastery of Koenigs-
gluten, seven monks who loved the rattling of
dice, and the swilling of wine better than their
brevery; who spoke as many oaths as words,
and would, at any time, have left the office of
the church at the Kyrie to follow a silken hood
or a tripping foot. The prior preached to them
—and gave out penances, and prayed the saints
to convert their hearts, but plow! that night
as well, Karl, hold out a piece of Neurenberg
cake to a falcon for a lure. Well, then, what
think ye happened? One night—say, Karl,
didst hear any thing like a rustling behind yonder
cluster of pines?"

"No sense! I caught but a salamander, sport-
ing about our watch fire!"

"Well, then," said George, resuming his
tale—"they were sitting one night, in the refec-
tory, talking and drinking like very ribalds.
Their brains were maddened—they forgot that
there was a prior in the cloisters—a God in
heaven—and a devil in hell—and they sum-
moned up the evil one to wassail with them.
Karl, mine trusty friend, build up the scattered
brands, an if thou please, the night is chilly and
the woods are dark."

"What! afraid George?" exclaimed Karl
of Schwartzlans.

"Oh! no, not a jot! They had hardly called
on the devil to join in their revel, when the
great door of the refectory grated on its hinges
—flew open and—"

"Our lady lady of Colegna shield us!" ex-
claimed one of the men-at-arms, starting from
his crouching posture—"is he! look where
he glides along!"

"Who glides?" said Karl, firmly grasping
his halbert—"who glides along, dreaming
fool?"

"God gave us in his holy keeping!" added
George. "Canst see yonder—in the hollow
of the willow, that ghost, waiting for the tide of
morn? Mark his flashing eyes; they glare up-
on us like burning coals!"

"Art not ashamed, George?" said Karl.
"What! thou, a man-at-arms, with a good hal-
bert and true, and fearest a will-o'-the-wisp?"

"By heavens! no will-o'-the-wisp, Karl; but
a human face. How ghostly he looks—and
covered with tatters, too! It can't be the foul
fiend though; friar Hilderbrandt says he al-
ways wears a silken tabbard, when he comes to
wheedle away a poor soul. He comes nearer;
Hilderbrandt! Who goes there? I say, my mas-
ter, sign ye with the sign of the cross, less evil
befall us!"

"Who art thou, piteous creature?" said Karl.
—"that wanderest thus, through the forest, in
the cold and icy night? See, George, how
sunken and worn be his naked sides; how sad-
ly he raises his fleshless hands above his head.
Speak, darkomened bird of night—or my lance
shall unite thy tongue: what wouldst with us
of free lances?"

"Warmth, food, and life!" said the apparition
in a moaning voice.

"Oh! but his voice is a hollow as a nine
day's hunger," observed Karl, to his compan-
ions—"come nearer. Why dost thou ramble
in the dead of night?"

"Night is my day; the owl and beetle are
nightingales that speak sweet music to my ear;
lizards and toads are Ralph's food; dry moss
and oozy sedge are his bed and gear; I am
cold."

"Tis Ralph, the crazy knight of Wolfstein,"
whispered Karl to George, "as true as I am a
Christian man. Why hunts thou with the spir-
its of darkness, and walkest all but naked, prank-
ed in wreaths of fennel and wisps of straw?"

"Ralph is proscribed; the black sword hunt-
eth him round about."

"Outlaw of earth, or doomed of heaven,"
shouted George, whoever thou be'st—what is
thy crime?"

"Raise thine eyes to heaven—look at the
starry sky. My deed is written in bloody char-
acters on the milky way! Listen! Dost hear
the roar of that watch fire! Like the blast, it
whispers words that kill—it tells of a dark-
dark deed—Hast nothing to give Ralph? I
am a hungered."

"The cheer of warrior men, bread and wa-
ter."

"Thanks, thanks, honest—but, prithee, put
out that fire! 'tis red—blood red! Ha! who
pourest blood on its flames? Is this water?"

"Oh! God, God! blood—blood, every where!"
"Be heedful, good man," said Karl, "eat
not thus hastily; for, saith friar Rupert, the
castle-leech, that hasty food is hurtful to the in-
ward man."

"Ralph hath eaten of the brier's thorn and
the mallows' roots; his hunger would devour
stones!"

"I knew thee once, when thou atest of the
dainties of the land, and drankest the choice of
our Rheinish vintage!"

"Thou! Thou knewest me? Hark the
abbey's bell tolls the matin's hour—it calls me
to penance—I must away farewell!"

"Not yet. Stay, I charge thee. Mark, and
if he betrays himself," said Karl to George, in
a low whisper. "Wert not a proud prelate,
with the cross and mitre, and a ruby ring, full
rich to buy a whole foff?"

"Ay! first a knight, and then a cardinal, my
master, with fifty lances at my back; and a fat
pantry, with a plentiful cellar. See, even now
do I wear my scarlet cap!"

"Holy mother of our Lord! his scull is strip-
ped of hair and skin, like a wild haggard's!"
See, Karl, and the worm hath not eaten it to
the bone!" said George with an involuntary
shudder.

"Poor exile," said Karl, "rest thy mangled
head on my knees. I have a healing balm in
my scrip, which an old Moslem Hakim gave
my grandsire, in the holy land; I'll pour it on
thy wounds and cool their burning fire."

"Thou cool the fever of my brain, and thou
a man of the sword, too! Ha! I feel it—it
parches—it burns—hell fire is at my heart! I
have dragged this worn-out frame over the lord,
among icy lizards and knotted snakes; I have
laid down on the flinty rock, which breaks the
fury of the torrent—nothing!—nothing! And
yet I burn all over. Hast not in thy castle,
some dark, damp hole where Ralph may hide
him from the enemy, and refresh his scorched
limbs? Let me follow thee; I shall hold thy
stirrup—may bend my neck to thy foot, when
thou mountest thy good war-steed. Hark! I
hear some one—oh! I save me! They come
—they come!"

"Be quiet, poor senseless sufferer, none shall
harm thee, while I can wield this lance."

"Wardow! Again rang from George's lips;
who goes there?"

And two men, of stalwart make, dressed like
pilgrims, and wearing black vizors on their fa-
ces, emerged from the adjacent clump of trees,
and stood in silence amidst the astonished group.
On a second challenge, one of them returned
an answer; but not in the generally gentle voice
and friendly manner of pilgrims from the holy
sepulchre.

"We be travellers, benighted in the forest;
and the light of your fire hath drawn us hither.
Will allow us," said he, turning to Karl, "to
bide the coming of morn with thy men?"

"Right willingly," replied the squire;
"whence come ye, holy pilgrims?"

"From the imperial city of Augsburg; we
had plighted a vow unto our lady of the Seven
Dolors, which we have even now fulfilled, un-
worthy servants as we are. Whose person do
you follow, my master?"

"We war under the banner of the high and
mighty Earl of Bulina, said Karl, waving his
tough ashed lance.

"I must away, and sing my mass, ere morn
has dawned," said Ralph to Karl; "good friend
let me go; O God's name stay me not!"

"Rest thee, poor idiot, rest; the wolf of the
forest will devour thee, an if thou trust abroad
at this hour."

"Better the wolf than the raven," added
Ralph, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Any news from our cities, good pilgrims?"
said George to the strangers.

"Nothing of mark: The old gold-shot-lack-
ney, Pride, still leads the world. Her four
daughters, falsehood, treason and lust, do wear
a mitre and crown—crime and silk—most
bravely, I ween. High and low do them hom-
age. By the eleven thousand virgins!"—here
the pilgrim snote his breast for this burst of un-
guarded profanity—"but the legion of fiends
are reaping a rich harvest of soul; they be
wealthier than the bishops who gather but the
tithe of our granaries!"

"Are there no oaks in our forest? No free
judges, under their foliage, to cut off abomi-
nation from the land?"

"Brother," said Ralph, "I charge thee let
me go; that man looketh like my sin; he is
dark and fearful. Let me go; I shall hunt
the glow-worm for thee, in the tuft of the ver-
vain; thou shalt hang them on thy morion, like
a wreath of fiery sparks. Wilt not let me go?"

"Stay, thou of the restless form and wander-
ing mind," said Karl, "stay with us till morn,
and then thou mayest wend thy careless way."
And the maniac again yielded to his words.

"Lancemen!" resumed the pilgrim, "the ho-
ly Technie is still watchful. On our path we
met with a fearful token of their existence; two
of their servants, a few yards from this, laid
their hands on a murderer!"

"A murderer!" burst from the lips of the
man-at-arms.

"Shall I gather faggots for ye, my masters?
Your limbs shiver with the cold blast of night,"
whispered Ralph.

"They had pursued him vainly through the
forest. Like a snake he glided along the mat-
ted fern; like a curlew, he dived into the
slimy marsh—with the agility of a chamois, he
climbed the steep rock—but his trail was left
on the rock, the margin, and the fern—for the
curse of God followed him every where."

"Hush! hush! Wake not the dead! Oh!
wake them not from their blood and unsainted
shroud! I must go—my brain is on fire—my
blood freezes!"

"Wait till the turning of morning tide," said
Karl, "and we shall take thee to the neighboring
minister. The friars will heal thy sores!"

"The rocks and the thorns had torn his feet
—hunger and weariness had shrivelled his mus-
cles, and they stiffened in the winter blast, and
he could not escape the avengers of blood!"

"Oh! good brother, anoint me with thy pre-
cious balm," said Ralph in a moaning voice—
"anoint me that I may heal; see my flesh
falleth to pieces."

"His eyes," continued the heedless pilgrim,
"were sacred, and the hand of God stamped his
brow with the course of the Pariaide!"

"Wo! wo!" said Ralph. "See! your
green faggots drop tears on the fire! They
weep, and I cannot. Wipe my brow, I burn!
And cold, icy sweat beaded his haggard features."

"Then the familiars of the tribunal seized
him, of night. They recalled his damning
deed to his blasted memory; told him they
would blot his name from the book of the living;
and then bade him address his soul unto his
God; but he could not pray."

"Still! still! the worm that will not die!
It gnaws me at the heart. Peace, torturer,
peace. In the name of hell, I pray thee, peace!
Then they unrolled the fatal rope." "Spare
me, oh!" said Ralph, heaving up his hands be-
for the pilgrims.

"And stood ye by," said Karl, "and looked
tame on the dark deed?"

"What could avail him? The doom had
gone forth," said the second pilgrim. "They
tied the rope round his neck; as we, do unto
thee, Ralph of Wolfstein, thou pariaide!"

shouted the executioner, as he straightened the
neck of the murderer in the noose. Ralph fell
on his knees, while Karl and his men-at-arms,
advancing their halberds, and shouting the ban-
ner-cry of Hyde a Buena, rose to the rescue of
the doomed wretch. But the disguised pil-
grims, throwing back their cowls, and opening
their gabardines, pointed to the terrible emblems
which glittered on their mailed breast!

"Know ye this dagger and coil? In the
name of the thrice holy Velme Tribunal, we
charge you back with your halberds! And be-
ware, for future, how ye talk lightly of the free
judges, my merry men, and if ye bear love to
your life's blood! Ralph," added the speaker,
turning to the wretched being, "Ralph, some-
time Knight of Wolfstein, and recreant bishop
of Hermanslandt, thy wife shall now be a wid-
ow, and thy children orphan; thy throat shall
be given to the midnight wolf; thy heart to the
birds of heaven; and thy body to the fishes of
the sea. Ralph of Wolfstein thy doom is read
and recorded; the thrice holy Velme hath so
willed."

"Father, father!" groaned the agonizing
felon, "forgive me, father; Help, Karl! raven-
me, my men-at-arms—save me! for they will
murder me!"

"Help him with thy prayers—save his soul,
if thou canst; but his forfeit body must perish.
Again, I say, thy doom is come, Ralph of
Wolfstein—murderer—pariaide—thy father's
spirit shrieks for revenge."

"Oh! unto this choking rope: let me
breathe; I cannot die yet—I will not. Help,
Karl—George, help! Their hands turn—they
shivel my body—life—life! One minute of
life, if ye be men born and suckled of woman."

"Death, sinner! Death, pariaide! On to
thy doom," said the second pilgrim, dragging
him by the rope into the thicket.

"Listen," said Karl, "how he moans: his
shrieks come on the gale; they increase; they
swell again; and now he begs for mercy—
Hark, no! not a sound, all death-like silence."

And as Karl Schwartzlans, doffing his morion,
knelt down and pitched his manly voice into the
De profundis, a brood of ravens, which, hith-
erto of mind, had nested in the crenells of the
old castle, shrieked wildly, from their rookery,
in expectation of the morrow's feast!

Within the last year, type to the amount of
\$100,000 has been destroyed by fire in N. Y.

A HAUNTED SHIP.

A TRUE STORY—AS FAR AS IT GOES.
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The world abounds with ghost-stories, but it
is exceeding difficult to get them at first hand
—that is to say, from persons who have actu-
ally seen the ghosts: this may be the reason
why they have fallen into some discredit with
the dubious. I once, however, heard a story
of the kind from one who came within an ace
of being an eye-witness, and who believed in it
most honestly. He was a worthy captain of the
sea—a native of either Nantucket or Martha's
Vineyard, I forget which—at any rate at a place
noted for its breed of hardy mariners. I met
with him in the ancient city of Seville, having
anchored with his brig in the Gaudalquivir, in
the course of a wandering voyage. Our con-
versation one day turned upon the wonders and
adventures of the sea—when he informed me
that, among his multifarious cruises, he had
once made a voyage on board a haunted ship.
It was a vessel that had been met with drifting,
half-dismantled, and with flagging sails, about
the sea near the Gulf of Florida, between the
mainland and the Bahama banks. Those who
boarded her found her without a living soul on
board—the hatchways were broken open—the
cargo had been rifled—the decks fore and aft
were covered with blood—the shrouds and rig-
ging were smeared with the same, as if some
wretched beings had been massacred as they
clung to them. It was evident that the ship
had been plundered by pirates, and, to all ap-
pearance, the crew had been murdered and
thrown overboard.

The ship was taken possession of by the find-
ers, and brought to Boston, in New England;
but the sailors who navigated her to port declar-
ed that they would not make such another voy-
age for all the wealth of Peru. They had been
harrassed the whole way by the ghosts of the
murdered crew; who at night would come up
out of the companion way and forecastle, run
up the shrouds, station themselves on the yards,
and at the mast-heads, and appear to perform
all the usual duties of the ship.

As no harm had resulted from this ghostly
seamanish, the story was treated lightly, and
the vessel fitted out for another voyage; but
when ready for sea, no sailors could be got
to embark in her. She lay for some time in Bos-
ton harbour, regarded by the superstitious sea-
men as a fated ship; and there she might have
rotted had not the worthy captain who related
me the story, undertaken to command her. He
succeeded in getting some hardy tars who stood
less in awe of ghosts, to accompany him, and
his brother-in-law sailed with him as chief mate.

When they had got fairly to sea, the hobgob-
lin crew began to play their pranks. At night
there would be the duce to pay in the hold;—
such racketing and rummaging, as if the whole
cargo was overhauled; bales unrolled about,
and boxes broken open; and sometimes it seem-
ed as if all the ballast was shifted from side to
side. All this was heard with dismay by the
sailors; and even the captain's brother-in-law,
who appears to have been a very sagacious man,
was exceedingly troubled at it. As to the cap-
tain himself, he honestly confessed to me that
he never saw nor heard any thing; but then he
slept soundly, and, when once asleep, was hard
to be awakened.

Notwithstanding all these ghostly vagaries,
the ship arrived safe at the destined end of her
voyage, which was one of the South American
rivers under the line. The captain proposed
to go, in his boat, to a town some distance up
the river, leaving his ship in charge of his brother-
in-law. The latter said he would anchor her
opposite to an island in the river, where he could
go on shore at night, and yet be on hand to
keep guard upon her; but that nothing should
tempt him to sleep on board. The crew all
swore the same. The captain could not reason-
ably object to such an arrangement; so the
ship was anchored opposite the island, and the
captain departed on his expedition.

For a time all went well; the brother-in-law
and his sagacious comrades regularly abandon-
ed the ship at night fall, and slept on shore;
the ghosts, then took command, and the ship re-
mained quietly at anchor as though she had
been manned by living bodies instead of hob-
goblin sprites. One night, however, the cap-
tain's brother-in-law was awakened by a tremen-
dous storm. He hastened to the shore. The
sea was lashed up in foaming and roaring sur-
ges; the rain came down in torrents—the light-
ning flashed—the thunder bellowed. It was
one of those sudden tempests only known at the
tropics. The captain's brother-in-law cast a
rueful look at the poor tossing and laboring ship.
He saw numbers of uncouth beings busy about
her, who were only to be described by the flash-
es of lightning, or by pale fires that glided about
the rigging; he heard occasionally the piping
of a boatswain's whistle, or the bellowing of a
hoarse voice through a speaking trumpet. The
ghosts were evidently striving to save the ship;
but a tropical storm is sometimes an overmatch
for ghosts, or goblins, or even the — him-
self. In a word, the ship parted her cables,
dove before the wind—stranded on the rocks,
and there she laid her bones.

When the captain returned from his expedi-
tion up the river, he found his late gallant ves-
sel a mere hull, and received this wonderful

account of her fate from his sagacious brother-
in-law: Whether the wreck continued to be
continued to be haunted or not, he could not
inform me; and I forgot to ask whether the
owners recovered any thing from the underwrit-
ters, who rarely insure against accidents from
ghosts.

Such is one of the nearest chances I ever
have had of getting to the fountain head of a
ghost story. I have often since regretted that
the captain should have been so sound a sleep-
er, and that I did not see his brother-in-law.
[N. Y. Mirror.]

The following goes to show the superior wisdom of
our fathers over their children of the present day. Let
all pay the greatest respect to the wisdom and prudence
knowledge of our wise old forefathers. Their example
should be followed in all times to come.

Trials and Proofs of Guilt in Superstitious Ages.

The strange trials to which those suspected
of guilt were put in the middle ages, conducted
with many devout ceremonies, by the ministers
of religion, were pronounced to be the judgment
of God! The ordeal consisted of various
kinds; walking blindfold amidst burning plough-
shares; passing through fires; holding in the
hand a red hot bar; and plunging the arm into
boiling water: the popular affirmation—"I will
put my hand into the fire to confirm this," ap-
pears to be derived from this solemn custom of
our rude ancestors. Challenging the accuser
to single combat, when frequently the stoutest
champion was allowed to supply their place;
swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread;
sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft;
or weighing a witch; stretching out the arms
before the cross, till the champion soonest wear-
ied dropped his arms, and lost his estate, which
was decided by this very short chancery suit,
called the *judicium crucis*. The bishop of Pa-
ris and the abbot of St. Denis disputed about
the patronage of an monastery; Pepin the short,
not being able to decide on their confused
claims, decreed one of these judgments of God,
that of the cross. The bishop and abbot each
chose a man, and both the men appeared in the
chapel, where they stretched out their arms in
the form of a cross. The spectators, more de-
vout than the mob of the present day, but still
the mob, were piously attentive, but *betted*,
however, now for one man, now for the other,
and critically watched the slightest motion of
the arms. The bishop's man was first tired:—
he let his arms fall, and ruined his patron's
cause for ever! Though sometimes the trials
might be eluded by the artifice of the priest,
numerous were the innocent victims who un-
questionably suffered in these superstitious
practices.

From the tenth to the twelfth century they
were very common. Hildebert bishop of Mans,
being accused of high treason by our William
Rufus, was preparing to undergo one of these
trials; when Ives, bishop of Chartres, convinced
him that they were against the canons of the in-
stitutions of the Church, and adds that in this
manner *Innocentium defendere, est innocentium
perdere*.

An abbot of St. Aubin of Angers in 1066,
having refused to present a horse to the Vis-
count of Tours, which the Viscount claimed in
right of his lordship, whenever an abbot first
took possession of that abbey: the ecclesiastic
offered to justify himself by the trial of the or-
deal, or by duel, for which he proposed to fur-
nish a man. The Viscount at first agreed to
the duel; but reflecting that these combats,
though sanctioned by the church, depend whol-
ly on the skill or vigor of the adversary, and
could therefore afford no substantial proof of
the equity of his claim, he proposed to com-
promise the matter in a manner which strongly
characterizes the times: he waived his claim on
condition that the abbot should not forget to
mention in his prayers, himself, his wife and
his brothers! As *orisons* appeared to the abbot
in comparison with the horse, of little or no val-
ue, he accepted the proposal.

In the tenth century the right of representa-
tion was fixed: it was a question, whether the
sons of a son ought to be reckoned among the
children of a family; and succeed equally with
their uncles, if their fathers happened to die
while their grandfathers survived. This point
was decided by one of these combats. The
man in behalf of the right of children to repre-
sent their deceased father proved victorious.

It was then established by a perpetual decree
that they should henceforward share in the in-
heritance together with their uncles. In the
eleventh century the same mode was practised
to decide between two rival *Liturgies*! A
pair of knights clad in complete armour, were
the critics to decide on the authenticity of the
rival Liturgies.

If two neighbors say the capitularies of Dag-
obert, dispute respecting the boundaries of their
possession, let a piece of turf of the contested
land be dug up by the judge, and brought by
him into the court, and the two parties shall
touch it with the points of their swords, calling
on God as a witness of their claims:—after this
let them combat, and let victory decide on their
rights!

In Germany a solemn circumstance was prac-
tised in these judicial combats. In the midst
of the lists they placed a *bier*.—By its side
stood the accuser and the accused; one at the
head and the other at the foot of the bier, and

loaned there for some time in profound silence, before they began the combat.

Mr. Ellis, in his elegant preface to Way's *Fabliaux*, shows how faithfully the manners of the age are painted in these ancient tales, by observing the judicial combat introduced by a writ of the fourteenth century, who in his poem represents Pilate as challenging Jesus Christ to single combat, and another who describes the person who pierced the side of Christ as a knight who fought with Jesus.

Judicial combat appears to have been practised by the Jews. Whenever the rabbins had to decide on a dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce evidence to substantiate his claim, they terminated it by single combat. The rabbins were impressed by a notion that consciousness of right would give additional confidence and strength to the rightful possessor. This appears in a recent sermon of a rabbin. It may however be more philosophical to observe, that such judicial combats were more frequently favorable to the criminal than to the innocent, because the bold wicked man is generally more ferocious and harder than he whom he singles out as his victim, and whose only wish is to preserve his own quiet enjoyment,—in this case the assailant is the more terrible combatant.

In these times those who were accused of robbery were put to trial by a piece of barley bread, on which the mass had been said; and if they could not swallow it they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the bread a slice of cheese; and such were their credulity and firm dependence on heaven in these ridiculous trials, that they were very particular in this holy bread and cheese called the *corneil*.—The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May.

Du Cange observed, that the expression—*'piece of bread choke me!'* comes from this custom. The anecdote of Earl Godwin's death by swallowing a piece of bread, in making this assertion, is recorded in our history. If it be true, it was a singular misfortune.

Among the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages was that of the *bleeding of a corpse*. If a person was murdered, it was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer the blood gushed out of the body in various parts. By the side of the bier, if the slightest alteration was observed in the eyes, the mouth, feet, or hands of the corpse, the murderer was conjectured to be present, and many innocent spectators must have suffered death: for when a body is full of blood, warmed by a sudden external heat and a purification coming on, some of the blood vessels will burst, as they will all in time. This practice was once allowed in England, and is still looked on in some of the uncivilized parts of these kingdoms as a detection of the criminal. It forms a rich picture in the imagination of our old writers; and their histories and romances are laboring into pathos by dwelling on this phenomenon.

Robertson observes, that all these absurd institutions were cherished from the superstitious of the age, believing the legendary histories of those saints, who crowd and disgrace the Roman calendar. These fabulous miracles had been declared authentic by the bulls of the popes and the decrees of councils; they were greedily swallowed by the populace; and whoever believed that the Supreme Being had interposed miraculously on those trivial occasions mentioned in legends, could not but expect his intervention in matters of greater importance when solemnly referred to his decision. Besides this ingenious remark, the fact is, that these customs were a substitute for written laws which that barbarous period had not; and as no society can exist without laws, the ignorance of the people had recourse to these customs, which, bad and absurd as they were, served to close controversies which otherwise might have given birth to more destructive practices. Oracles are in truth the rude laws of a barbarous people who have not yet obtained a written code, and not advanced enough in civilization to enter into the refined inquiries, the subtle distinctions and elaborate investigations, which a court of law demands.—*Curt. of Lit.*

Note.—In all these cases the priest fought by deputy; this characteristic of the priest-hood, who have always shifted the disagreeables on others, but enjoyed the largest portion of pleasure and power.

STATE OF MAINE.

TREASURY OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1835.

In obedience to the requirements of the law, the Treasurer respectfully submits to the Legislature the following

REPORT.

The money in the Treasury on the first day of Jan. 1835, amounted to

During the year there has been received into the Treasury from various sources the sum of

Making a total of

Within the same period, there has been paid from the Treasury,

Leaving an amount now on hand of

On the first of January 1835, the Funded Debt due from the State was

In the early part of the year, there was borrowed an additional sum of

Making the Debt amount to

Within the year there has been paid in part of said debt

Leaving the Debt, now due from the State

The balance consists of debts due to three individuals, in the proportions of 10, 15 and 30 thousand dollars. No part is redeemable prior to May, 1838. Proposals have been made, in the course of the year, to discharge these debts by paying the principal and interest. These proposals the holders of the claim have declined to accept, unless some premium should also be allowed.

Within the year there has been paid for interest on the public debt, the sum of \$9,545 75. On the first of Jan. last the liabilities of the Treasury, as exhibited in the last annual Report from this Department (allowing for an error of 12 cents.) amounted to

And its resources were

Making a balance at that time against the Treasury of

At present the liabilities of the Treasury amount to

Consisting of,

Public funded debt, 55,000 00

Penobscot Ind. fund, exclusive of interest, 3,849 60

Passamaquoddy Ind. deposit, 395 00

Annual School Fund No. 1, balance, 227 64

Annual School Fund No. 2, balance, 1,569 88

Annual School do No. 3, 26,390 49

C. & O. Canal Lottery 314 51

On Roll of accounts No. 15, balance, 29 23

On Roll of accounts No. 16, balance, 552 77

88,339 32

The resources of the Treasury now amount to

Consisting of, notes of hand, 19,490 19

Bank stocks, 210 shares, 21,000 00

Uncollected Taxes, 49,557 51

Cash on hand, 6,341 87

96,389 57

Making a balance in favor of the Treasury of

The sum received from the Land Agency, the present year, has been unusually large, amounting to 132,567 55.

By the Land Agent's quarterly return, of this date, the securities and other means, belonging to the State, now remaining in his hands, amount to 371,031 93.

Doubtless a liberal deduction is to be made, as some of these debts have been of long standing, and may be found uncollectable.

Documents lodged in this office, at the last session of the Legislature, show that there was then due to the State, from various persons, the sum of \$11,813 25, arising out of the operations of the State Prison; and that these debts had been placed in the hands of the Warden for collection. A prudent estimate of these claims would probably make deep inroads upon their nominal amount. There was also due from the Warden, as settled by the Legislature, \$1,142 74, upon an adjustment of his accounts up to the 31st of October, 1834.

The amount derived this year from the Tax on Banks is \$26,390 40. This sum is to be distributed in February next, for the use of primary schools among the cities, towns and plantations of the State, according to their respective number of scholars. As connected with the increase of the public revenue, it is worthy of remark, that in but one, out of the thirty-six banks now in operation, has the State availed itself of its right to take and hold stock, to the amount of ten per cent, of the Bank capital. According to the last semi annual return, these Banks, at their dividend in April last, divided on the average, something more than at the rate of seven, and one third per cent, yearly. It is understood that the October dividends were considerably higher. The banking capital is now more than \$1-2 millions. As the State can readily be supplied with cash at 3 per cent, (and probably less on long loans,) the clear gain made to the State, by taking up its proportion of the bank capital, might be safely calculated at a sum varying from seven to ten thousand dollars each year. Another consideration of no inconsiderable weight is, that the State would be authorized to appoint a director to each of the Banks in which it should have made its investment. It is not to be concealed that, in regard to the management of some of the Banks, unfavorable impressions are abroad.—The appointment of a Government Director, charged with the duty of usually attending the Directors' meetings and of reporting all aberrations from the approved rules and usages of Banking, might have a tendency to correct improper practices, if any prevail, and to retrieve from undeserved suspicions, where no errors exist; and thus to allay the unfavorable impressions which have already found lodgment in many minds.

Should the management of any Bank have been such as to excite fears that it would be unsafe to make investment in its capital, perhaps that very circumstance might give additional force to the opinion, that some provision ought to be adopted, analogous to the New York Safety Fund System, to operate upon all the Banks of the State, or at least upon such as may be hereafter chartered.

[The Treasurer passes on to notice the Penobscot Indians' Fund, consisting of a debt due from the State which has arisen from two sources:—1. From the sale by the tribe in 1831 to an individual, of a quantity of timber and grass, for the sum of \$10,000, which he obligated himself to pay into the Treasury, in five annual instalments, for the use of the Indians. Of this sum \$8000 have been paid. The balance is not yet due.—2. From a purchase made in 1833 by the State for \$50,000, of four townships belonging to the Tribe. The amount now due to the Tribe including interest, is \$62,737 21. By the Resolves under which both the above sales were made, the purchase money was to constitute a permanent fund for the benefit of the Tribe, and the income only was to be expended. At present no person is sufficiently authorized to loan or employ this fund. To create the income contemplated by the Resolves, the State itself is compelled to borrow it, paying 6 per cent, for its use—a course, by which, as the Treasurer observes, neither the self-respect of the Government can be promoted, nor its interests advanced. The Resolves contemplated that the Tribe should be constantly realizing a benefit from "the income of their fund;—but under the present system, every sum paid for their use, has to become a matter of annual appropriation."

For the purpose of receiving and managing the moneys belonging to this fund, the Permanent School Fund, and such others as may hereafter be legally authorized, the Treasurer suggests the creation of a Board of Commissioners of Public Funds, vested with the necessary powers. When the interest of the School Fund "shall have accumulated sufficiently to justify a distribution, the Legislature may direct it to be paid by the Board into the Treasury, there to be added to the annual School Fund of any year, or otherwise distributed as might seem most suitable."

He recommends "as a convenient mode of getting the Indians' Fund into the hands of the Board, that the Treasurer" be directed to assign to it the State Bank Stocks, and at the end of each year to transfer "the unexpended balances which may be in the Treasury, of all appropriations of said year, until the Indians' claim shall be fully paid;—that if any balances remain they may be "converted into a surplus fund for the future uses of the State. The Board, having opportunities of getting acquainted with the conditions and wants of the Indians, might adjust and administer the necessary aid,"—and should annually give to the Legislature the requisite information respecting the public funds, and the purposes to which the profit or income arising from them has been applied. He is of opinion that those funds would be much advanced, if the Board in making investments, should be legally authorized "to subscribe for and hold stocks in the capital of any of the Banks, to the extent of the right reserved to the State in the general Act regulating Banks and Banking."

He considers the present "an auspicious period for commencing" a system "requiring some contribution to be made to the Treasury from companies whose power of accumulating wealth is derived from the Legislature."

An alteration of the law permitting Inspectors of Fish "to pay the duty on their commissions to the Town Treasurer," "may be thought advisable"—the sums thus paid not always finding "their way into the State Treasury."

"Some taxes of small amount upon unorganized townships and tracts of land" for the four past years, remain unpaid. A bill is transmitted containing an improvement "upon the system of collecting State taxes," whose provisions it is thought, will obviate existing evils.

Some alterations of the practice relative to appropriation bills are thought necessary for perfecting the system of Treasury operations, and an improved course in relation to them, is pointed out and recommended.]

Disbursements from the Treasury, 1835.

Pay Roll of the Senate, 5,156

Pay Roll of the House of Rep., 31,588 50

Governor, 1,500

Council, 1,995

Secretary, 900

Treasurer, 900

Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, 4,717 44

Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, 3,538 76

Attorney General, 1,000

Reporter of Decisions, 600

Clerks in the Sec'y & Treasurer's offices, 1,818 63

Maine Wesleyan Seminary, 1,000

St. Albans Academy, 200

Repairs, Furniture and Superintendent, Pub. Buildings, 3,288 89

Roads, Baring and Houlton, 900

Camden, 727 52

Mars Hill, 839

2,466 52

Militia, Adjutant General, 700

Expenses, 19,157 63

19,857 63

Pensions, 827

Indians, 2,067 49

Printing, 7,174 31

Stationary, books, book-binding, &c., 1,822 72

Agricultural Societies,

West Somerset, 66 00

East Somerset, 100 00

Cumberland, 57 00

Kennebec, 234 00

Penobscot, 104 00

561

American As. for Deaf and Dumb, 1,513 34

Costs in Criminal Prosecutions, 13,277 53

Laws and Law Reports, 2,015

Annual School Fund No. 1, 2,400 61

Annual School Fund No. 2, 22,039 40

Public Funded Debt, 138,466 75

Interest on Funded Debt, 9,545 78

Passamaquoddy Indians' Deposit, 925

Penobscot Indians' Fund, 3,955 05

Arsenal—Superintendent, 395 00

Expenses, 216 50

State Prison.—Warden, 7000 00

Subordinate officers, 3433 34

Inspectors, 288

Expenses, 3,239 80

7,661 14

Relief of the Blind, 1,364 75

Insane Hospital, 3,075

Miscellaneous Items, 917 43

Postage, 472 51

Exploration for Canada Rail Road, 250

Rewards and expenses for fugitives, 140

Sickness of Public Officers, 20

Overpayments to State refunded, 31 20

Fuel, Lights, &c., 1,615 04

Bounty on wolves, bears and loup-voiers &c., 283

Bounty on Crows, 102 08

Board of Internal Improvements, 242 15

Tax of 1832 repaid, 14 56

Bank Commissioners, 244 61

Indexes to Journals of Legislature, 80

Sheriffs, 695 80

Coroners, 42 02

Cash on hand to balance, 6,341 87

\$310,453 21

Receipts into the Treasury for 1835.

Cash balance from last year, 19,286 35

Loans, or Public funded debt, 59,000

Miscellaneous Items, 1,078 93

Tax of 1833, 131 04

Tax of 1834, 49,692 84

Taxes of 1835, 1,293 23

Notes or bills receivable, principal, 11,773 27

Interest, 1,580 56

13,353 83

Land Agency, 133,567 63

Bank Tax, 26,390 46

Court Fees, 123 95

Dividends on Bank Stock, 1,490

Duty on Commissions, 2,825

Passamaquoddy Ind. deposit, 220

Penobscot, Indians' fund, 2,000

\$310,453 21

From the Eastern Statesman.

STENOGRAPHIC GLIMPSES OF CONGRESS.

Washington, January 5th, 1836.

A memorial was presented to the House today, praying Congress to erect at Covington, Conn., a monument to the memory of Capt. Nathan Hale, a revolutionary officer on duty by order of Gen. Washington, captured by the British, and hung as a spy. His case was naturally contrasted with Col. Andre's; and it was contended he deserved a like monument.

I hold that Congress has no constitutional right to appropriate a dollar for a monument to any man's memory, as it forms no part of the necessary expense for the maintenance of Government and the security of the people; and these are the limits of expenditure. The dead cannot be benefited by a monument; and how can the living? Where is the National Monument to Washington? Congress most certainly has not the constitutional right to erect one, otherwise it would have been done long ago. Moreover I hold, that the art of printing has superseded the utility of monuments. If a man's memory cannot be preserved by this art, no human art can perpetuate it. A man's friends or the citizens of his state, if they choose, may erect a monument to his memory, as his relations would a grave-stone, or a tomb; but these being local must necessarily be confined to the observation and knowledge of a few. Why should the Nation erect a monument 500 miles from the capital, which not one in ten thousand would ever see, nor one in a hundred thousand receive any benefit from, unless they were employed as laborers to construct it? But it is enough for my purpose, that it is neither the right nor the duty of Congress to make any appropriations for any such purpose.

Who desires to stand up and oppose this measure? No man who craves popularity, and expects that the professions of his patriotic gratitude will excuse the dereliction of his duty.—Did Gen. Jackson, from any disrespect to the man of his measures, vote against approving the administration of Washington? Did he not take a stand which has been a warning to all succeeding administration parties, not to attempt to establish such a precedent? If he were right, then let those who approve of his principles and wisdom, follow his example; let them oppose the adoption of any dangerous precedent, and frown upon every attempt to violate the Constitution.

Mr. Adams spoke in favor of the Memorial; referred to the Revolution, and said that young Hale (only 20 years of age) was one of its earliest victims, one of its bravest patriots—had the confidence of Washington, and deserved the gratitude of his country. This he does have. A member from Conn. urged its reference to a select committee, saying that it had been formerly to a standing committee, and they reported that the subject did not come within their duties. They were right, and the committee must be select who would report in favor of the appropriation. The member referred to the case of General Brown, where Congress had voted \$1000 for a monument.

Is a violation of the Constitution to be quoted as a precedent? Such authorities are becoming quite common; but I hold them no authority at all; they are beacons to warn us to avoid danger, not charts to direct us in safety. Why, the infamous Resolution in the Senate

against Gen. Jackson—for it was really against the man, not the magi trade—is a precedent; but what future Catalogue will dare to quote it?

The memorial was however referred to a select committee, and ordered to be printed. It is a beautiful eulogy upon the young, heroic martyr, and better than any monument.

A resolution passed to print 10,000 copies of the Secretary of the Treasury's Report on the State Banks.

Col. Jarvis of Me. submitted some Resolutions on the Slavery question, in substance, that Congress ought not to entertain a discussion of the subject, and that all petitions should be laid upon the table. He accompanied them with a brief, pertinent and conciliatory speech.

Mr. Adams moved to lay them on the table; which motion was negatived by a vote of 123 to 66.

Mr. Wise moved an amendment, and Mr. Glascock moved another; which the former unanimously accepted! Mr. Cleveland of Ga. spoke in favor of the latter; and Mr. Wise wanted to speak at the same time, when the Chair reminded him that three members could not occupy the floor at a time.

Mr. Cambreleng moved the order of the day and disappointed all the Nullifiers. He then reported some appropriation bills, which called forth some remarks from Mr. Adams, and a speech from Mr. Harden. He speaks too well to speak so seldom. Mr. Adams's remarks were on the appropriation of \$80,000 to defend the Florida Territory against the Indians; Mr. Harden spoke on the bill for the relief of the New York sufferers.

REIS EFFENDI.

From the Eastern Statesman.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.

Notice was given last evening in the first circles, that the Hon. Henry Clay would perform to-day at the Whig Theatre, (formerly the U. States Senate) in a popular farce, called "More ways than one to win the Presidency," during which he would sing his favorite song, "List ye lands-men all to me." The house was crowded to jelly—a lady could distinguish her own *bois*, and no bean his own *loman*. But the great tragicomedian, after all, like Junius Brutus Booth, disappointed his audience.

Mr. Buchanan presented a Petition from the Quakers, to abolish slavery and the slave trade, then miks square, and moved to reject their prayer. He talked a little as the spirit moved, another talked less, a third least; and after all, it was only a Quaker meeting. Mr. Webster thought it best to attend to the business of the day; and so thought others. One thing and another came up, shadowy and faint, like the ghosts of Baugho, and stealthily departed.—An appropriation bill came up, which had had the strange fortune to increase after it came down to the Senate, and passed a reading or two; some apology was made for the postponement of this increase; this also passed away; and Mr. Calhoun called up his Bill restraining Executive removals—I don't recollect how it is nicknamed, but you will see an account of it in the proceedings of the Senate. As to the rest, *non mi ricordo?*

In the House the morning was spent in receiving Petitions, and considering a memorial from Michigan, which did not receive much favor. At length Col. Jarvis, Chairman of the Committee on the Naval Affairs, offered a resolution to instruct the Committee to inquire into the expediency of increasing the Naval force now in commission.

Mr. Cambreleng said he had addressed the Secretary of the Navy on this subject.

Mr. Wise opposed the Resolution, unwilling to increase the appropriation, unless the Department required it; they did not he anxious for the House to take the responsibility, if there should be no cause for the increase.

Col. Jarvis replied that seven out of nine of the Committee were in favor of the appropriations; and considered it their duty to recommend it if the Executive omitted it. Mr. Wise thinks Gen. Jackson never wanted spurring—(he is above half-jaded.) He wanted the Chairman to answer his inquiry, "whether the Navy Department required the appropriation?" and still kept the floor. The Chair asked him if he yielded the floor to the gentleman from Me. to answer his inquiry? as it could not be answered while he retained it. He said he should only yield it to be answered; and kept on talking (least he should lose it,) about tools, tools, tools; and ended with a specific request, for a "direct message" about French relations.

Mr. Glascock thought there could be no impropriety in adopting the Resolution; it did not shield the Navy Department from any responsibility; nor did it appear they would shrink from any. It was necessary for the House to act, and not be told they would be made tools and share in the responsibility. Adopt the Resolution, and the House may have a report tomorrow. The time has arrived when such a measure should be adopted. He was prepared to anticipate the opinion of the Executive. Act without delay; what injury can result?—this ought to be the united voice of the House.

Mr. Hammond asked if the country was to be smuggled into a war with France? If it would not be fatal to the liberties of the country, he should call it a ridiculous war. Nothing had changed our foreign relations—no man had dreamed that the money would be paid,—we had had irritating, exciting, and undiplomatic letters enough, &c. &c.

Mr. Howes of Ky., said he was deeply mortified by the sentiments expressed by the gentleman from Va. (Mr. Wise,) and the gentleman from S. C. (Mr. Hammond.) It was by such sentiments that this nation had been despoiled of her rights. He made a few remarks, intended for those same gentlemen, too

